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O D E

O N

HIS MAJESTY'S RECOVERY.

H. George III



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HIS MAJESTY'S RECOVERY;

BY THE AUTHOR OF

SYMPATHY AND HUMANITY.

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M.DCC.LXXXIX.



O D E.

A VAUNT, ye Deities *profane*,
And all ye shadowy Powers,
Imagination's airy Train,
That dwell in fabled Bowers!

Thou Heliconian Fount,
Whence Poesy's rich Torrents flow;
And thou, Parnassian Mount,
Where Fancy fees her Myrtles blow!

B

I bear

I bear no votive Off'ring to your Shrine,
 No Incense to the bard-created Nine.
 Nor e'en to thee, O Jove, whose high-thron'd State,
 The Muse of Greece has drawn sublimely great,
 High o'er the Pagan Heav'n, whilst the blest Synod near,
 Hymn the dread Thunderer's Name throughout th' ima-
 gin'd Sphere !

Thee, holy Power ! whose awe-impressing Sway,
 Earth, Air, and Sea, and Heav'n's bright Realms obey;
 ESSENCE OF TRUTH ! Thee, in thy blest Abode,
 Sole we invoke—the sole, the LIVING GOD !

O LIVING GOD ! from Thee alone,
 Bright beaming from thy Sapphire Throne,
 Can heav'nly Inspiration flow,
 And give our melting Hearts with holy Flames to glow !

For,

For, ah! not Touch of Wizard Wand,
 Nor wild Romance from Legends old,
 Nor moon-light Spell of Elfin Band,
 Nor Spectre-Tales, by Poets told ;
 Nor Necromancer's magic Skill,
 Whose Voice the *Hero's* Blood can chill ;
 Nor Knights, in terrible Array,
 Did e'er such wond'rous Acts display,
 As those which late Britannia saw,
 Her trembling Heart deep struck with pious Awe,
 Now to Agony opprest,
 And now to Rapture blest,
 When with her Parent King she felt th' Almighty Rod,
 And the restoring Arm, of Thee the LIVING GOD !

Yes, God of Gods ! 'twas thine to try—
 Judgment and Righteousness thy Throne uphold,
 Tho' Clouds and Darknes are around Thee roll'd,
 —A chosen Nation's Sympathy.

Destiny thy dread Command,
 As erst in Israel's Land,
 Obey'd, and came from Heav'n to prove,
 A mighty People's Loyalty and Love.

Streaming oft from Beauty's Eye,
 O filial Love! thy graceful Tear was seen,
 Thy Pray'r was heard—and many a Sigh,
 Broke from the faithful Bosom of a QUEEN :
 From Breast to Breast the Softness stole,
 And Sorrow touch'd the PRINCELY Soul ;
 PUBLIC ALLEGIANCE join'd the Pray'r,
 With FEALTY unchang'd, amidst severe Despair !

Then, LIVING GOD, 'twas Thine to prove,
 By Grief sincere, an Empire's Love !

Thine by Adversity to try,
 A mighty People's Loyalty.

And

And who, Thou God of Gods, save Thee, can tell,
 How Albion to her inmost Heart was cheer'd;
 Ah! who but Thou her Extacy reveal,
 When thy RESTORING CHERUBIM appear'd?
 Not Egypt's suff'ring Tribe of yore,
 Plague-struck, a keener Anguish bore,
 When, with our Parent King, we felt th' Almighty Rod;
 Nor such foul-born Transport knew,
 In the Hour the Pest withdrew,
 As when that King was fav'd by Thee the LIVING GOD!

Strike the Lyre to blissful Measure,
 Albion holds once more her Treasure;
 Brunswick's illustrious Star now shines again!
 Let the Notes thro' Earth resound,
 Waft them, triumphant Winds, across the Main,
 'Till ev'ry Land returns the Sound:

For ev'ry Land—O Theme without Alloy!—

In one full Chorus joins Britannia's Joy!

Now swell the Chords, and in sublimer Numbers own,
The mighty Blessing comes from Heaven alone!

Avaunt! ye Deities *profane*,

And all ye shadowy Powers;

Imagination's airy Train,

That dwell in fabled Bowers!

We know 'tis GOD, the LIVING GOD that giveth

To our Pray'rs a Parent King;

We know, we know, that "OUR REDEEMER liveth,"

To HIM—the MIGHTY ONE we sing!

O for the heav'n-instructed David's Lyre!

O for the wrapt Ifaiah's hallow'd Fire!

That

That so the sacred *Airs* of Harmony may rise,
And waft a Nation's Incense to the Skies,
'Till Angels catch the Strain, and with Arch-angels sing,
GLORY TO GOD ON HIGH—TO HEAV'N'S ETERNAL KING!

T H E E N D.

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That is the Lord's day of judgment may the
And with a new law to the world
The angels catch and with Arch-angels sing
Glory to God on high - to His Father's Eternal King!



THE END

